

THE REHEARSAL Of Observator, &c.

The Observator's Civil Address to a Madam he calls Proserpina. Of the Ladies Neck-laces. His Shovelling of Sir George Rook. With Right done to Sir Cloudesly.

From Saturday September the 23th, to Saturday September the 30th, 1704.

Country-m. **L**AST SATURDAY, Master, in our Rehearsal, we did Valiantly! We gave a brave Broad-side to the Church Party, High and Low. How smartly didst thou Tholouse the Prince our Lord High Admiral? Thou Eugen'd the Duke of Marlborough, And Shovell'd Sir George Rook.

The Two first I Rehears'd out of thy Observator, Word for Word. But the last I only said was the Word that run among our Party. And if thou hadst given me the Lye, Thou woud'st have putten me upon my Proofs. But thy Observator which came out the same Day, even last Saturday, came Plum upon the Point, and great Part of it was taken up in directly Shovelling of this Rook. Tell me, Master is it true, after all, That thou Play'st Booty, and Writes in Concert with the Rehearsal, to make good all the Scandalous things he tells of Thee, and of our Party? Or, is it that the Rogue has a Plaguy Guess with him? Or, has he a Spy among Us?

Obs. No, No, Country-man, it is none of these things. Why, a Buzzard may see that We write only for a Party. That our Business is only to Run down the Church, and the Monarchy, and Get them Both into our own Clutches. In order to which, we woud have none but True-Blew-WHIGGS in the Ministry, or in any Command either by Sea or Land. How easy then is it, for any to tell beforehand, Whom we will Praise or Dis-Praise? Whose Actions we will Lessen, or Transjer the Honour to Others? And Whose we will Magnify up to the Skies! And tho' the Church-Men tell us of this, and complain of it, and Expose Us for it, Over, and Over; Yet we Can not, We Must not help it. Our whole Cause Depends upon it. It is all we have Left to Do. If we suffer Church-Men to run away with the Glory of Victories by Land and Sea, what will become of Us!

Therefore as thou didst Remind me, in thy Rehearsal N. 7. Did not I, even since the Glorious Victory at Hochster, make Some Body a Cincius Fulvius, Mind him of his Suddain Rising and Threaten him with as Suddain a Fall, with the Fate of his Wife &c. Whom I call Venefica a Witch. And (Vol. 3. N. 45. last Aug. 26.) Madam PROSERPINA. And that it might the more easily be understood, who I meant, I add, A Jubilee Neck-lace for Madam PROSERPINA.

Country-m. What is the meaning of that Neck-lace? Do'st mean a Halter?

Obs. That's what we woud be at! But did'snt hear of a Fine Diamond NECK-LACE Given by a Fine Young Prince, to a certain Fine Lady, at a Certain Noble Palace, on the Top of a Hill?

Country-m. Aye, Aye, That's it. We had such a Story run up and down among Us, And there was a Crafts at the End of that Necklace, according to his Country Fashion. Whence the New Mode of Crosses on Neck-laces got up. Which thou

Call'st Popery in thy Obs. last July, 15. Vol. 3. N. 33. And our Review of the same July 18. N. 39. Makes all that wear them to be Wh--res, as well as Papishes. This brings in all the Church-Women, as well as the Church-Men, especially the Court, at which we Chiefly Level.

But, Hark ye, Master, is wearing a Cross a Sign of Popery? There is a Brave Cross on the Top of My Queens CROWN. Why don't we pull down the Cross off of That too?

Obs. All in good Time, Country-man, thou see'st we are about it.

Country-m. What if I shou'd prove Thee too, Master to be a Papish?

Obs. How wilt thou do that?

Country-m. Hast thou ne'r a Cross in thy Pocket? Thou Receiv'dst thy Monthly Sallery yesterday from the Clubb.

Obs. The Dog has a Mind for my Money! I Hate a Cross so inveteratly, that I would not have it even upon our Coin. It is a Christian---Heathenish Invention. I'd had rather have a Bull's Head, or some of the old Pagan Dieties, as on the Greek and Roman Coines, or a Pair of Trunk Hose, as our Common-Wealth Coin; Any thing rather than the Sign of the Cross upon our Money---Bless Us!

Country-m. Then throw it away. Or, Give it to me. Wilt thou Carry Idolatry about thee?

Obs. I do it but Occasionally. That is, as oft as I have Occasion for it.

Country-m. But what if Mammon shou'd Turn Papish? Might not I turn too?

Obs. Mammon is a Great Prince, and may be of what Religion he pleases. But so must not such a Saucy Rogue as Thou.

Country-m. But was not Madam Proserpina MAMMONS Wife? And why might not she wear a Diamond Necklace, tho' there were a Cross at it; as well as Thou carry a Pocket-full of thy Gold and Silver CROSSES.

Obs. What do'st thou talk? Who hast not a Cross to Bless thy self withall.

Country-m. Bless my self with a Cross! O Popery! Popery!

Obs. Thou Goose! Men of Sense Mind not Words, but the Drift of ones Discourse, to see what it Tends to. Here I have made some body a Witch, a Proserpina. And have I not pointed fairly at whom I mean? And observe how we all strike together, and Act in Concert, that it may have the greater Force. Our Review was upon the same Point of the Diamond Neck-lace, the next Day it came out after my Observator. He calls it Diamond, I a Jubilee Neck-lace

Country-m. What's that Jubilee?

Obs. That is Popery. The Diamond shews whose it was. And the Jubilee, to what End. Thus we Help one another.

Country-m;

Country-m. And thus last *Week*, as I told thee in my Last *Rehearsal*, we were one and All together, *Review*, *Observer*, and *Mercury* upon the *London Gazette*. And we Printed the *Paris Gazette* in *English*, and threw it among the *Coffee-Houses* (which we never did before) to Turn the News of the *Victory* at Sea to the *French* side. For we had rather the *French* shou'd have the *Victory*, than Sir *George Rook*, or any of these *Church-Men*. We had Rather Compound with the *French*, than with *Them*. Nay, we will take Part with the *French* against *Them*, if we cannot Overcome *Them* otherwise. It is not the First time that we have done it. And when Detested and fully Prov'd upon Us, under our own Hands, have been not only Pardon'd, but Prefer'd, and put into the Greatest Offices. And we Hope the *Queen* will be as Good to Us, as either her *Father* or *Grand-Father*. And upon our Words, we will be as Grateful to *Her*, as to either of *Them*. She's come of the *Forgiving-Kind*. Therefore let Us be Bold. And set forth the Great *Encomiums* of the *French King*, and Vindicate him, even as to the present War, as we have done in our last *Tuesdays REVIEW*. Let Us Blacken the *Church-Party*, till we Talk them out of their Places. We want the Fleet in our Hands. And we must Out with this *Rook*. Notwithstanding of all his *Victories* and *Successes*, told Us in the last *Rehearsal* at *Le Hogue*, the *Baltick*, *Vigo*, *Gibraltar*, and now at this Last Engagement.

Obs. We'll Answer Nothing to any thing that they say. Let them Talk on. We'll see who can Talk LOUDEST. Let them Prove, we'll Averr still on. More Read our Papers than *Theirs*. In my Last *SATURDAYS Observer*, I have not left one Doit of the Honour in this last Engagement to *Rook*, but Given it All, All to Sir *Cloudestly Shovel*, with Scandalous *Innuendoes* upon *Rook*, even for want of *Courage*. This is to make him Lay down his Commission for *Vexation*, that he can get no Remedy against Us, nor stop our Foul Mouths. And then we shall have the *Victory* over this *Victor*. And then we will Clamour Sir *Cloudestly* into his Place.

Country-m. I dare say Sir *Cloudestly* will give thee little Thanks for all this Brave Design. He's a Man of too much Honour to Desire to Raise his Reputation, by the Unjust Depression of Another. And he needs not any such Base Methods. And he will believe, That thou hast done him ten times more Injury, than to Sir *George Rook*; as supposing that he will be Pleas'd with thy Vile and Unjust Reflections upon Sir *George*.

For thou must know, *Master*, That thy Tongue is no Slander, but when it Commends. And I have heard People say, What Evil has such a one Done, that he is Commended by the *Observer*.

Now see the Different Methods of Another Party. For tho' Sir *Cloudestly* is suppos'd by some to be a little Whiggishly Inclind; chiefly because he is so set up by Thee, and our Scandalous Club; yet I never heard a *Church-Man* in my Life speak one word in Derogation of his Honour. Nor Censure his spending a whole Summer with the Fleet in the *Mediterranean*, without Fighting, or Taking any Place. They say, they Doubt not but he Did his Duty. And if Fighting or Success do's not Always attend a General, it ought to be no sort of Reflection upon him. For that is not in his Power. And has Befallen the Greatest Generals in the World.

But then on the other hand, they say, That when frequent *Victories* do wait upon a *Great Man*, who Attempts Hazardous Undertakings; it is the Devil to Run him Down, to Lessen, Blacken, and Bepatter him; Only because he is not of such a Party. And for that only Reason, to have him Expos'd, and Worry'd to Death by the Beasts of the People.

But, *Master*, thou art the most Unlucky Bay that ever set Pen to Paper. Thou art now Oblig'd to fall upon Sir *Cloudestly* too, and Give him the Lye, or yield thy self a Base and Infamous LTER and SLANDERER. For Sir *Cloudestly's* own Letter is in Print, giving an Account of the Sea Fight, wherein he Contradicts thy Nasty *Observers* in Direct Terms, as if he had Read them, and were Answering them. Thou Ridicules the Fight, as not being so very Sharp. And Prefers others to it. He says, The Engagement was very Sharp; And I think the like between two Fleets never has been at any time. Thou say'st in thy last *SATURDAYS Observer*, The French were Closely Attack'd by Sir *CLOUDESTLY*—And Sir *CLOUDESTLY* intended a Close Engagement, Yard-Arm, to Yard-Arm—I wish each Division had done the like. Then thou Runs upon those who Extol the good for nothing Fellows, with, Here's Sir *CLOUDESTLY's* good Health, with all my Spirit; he's a true Son of the Sea. All this is to say, that all that was Done, was Done by Sir *Cloudestly*, and that Sir *George* was not worthy to be Nam'd in the Matter; That He and his Division kept out of Harms-way, &c. Whereas Sir *Cloudestly's* Letter says thus in the very next words following those before Quoted, There is hardly a Ship that must not shift one Mast, and some must shift all, a Great many have suffered much, but none more than Sir *GEORGE ROOK*, and Capt. *JENNINGS* in the *MONK*, &c. And both the *London* and *Paris Gazettes*, and all Accounts do Agree, That the Hottest part of the Engagement was in the Centre where Sir *George* Fought against the *Count de Tholouse*.

Obs. What care I for the *Paris Gazette*? Tho' we set it up at this Time against the *London Gazette* to serve our Turn. I Caren't a farthing for all their Publick Accounts. Thou Rehears'dst to me last Saturday my own Words against the Publick Accounts, about the Duke of *Marlboroughs* Fight, thus, Those that know the Accounts of that Fight, otherwise than by the Publick Prints, &c. We have a Stock of Oral Traditions, shall bear down all their Text. And for Sir *Cloudestly* he was too hasty in Writing Accounts of that Fight, till he had seen my *Observer*. But if he go to that, I'll Towel him too. My *Dracanzor* slays both Friend and Foe, when he sets to't. He scorns to leave a Man standing.

And I'll tell thee, *Country-man*, if the best Whigg of 'em All shall Pretend to Honour, Truth, or Honesty, to the Prejudice of the Common Cause; He's a Poor, Sneaking, selfish Fellow, to Prefer his own Private Conscience, or Honour to the Publick Good. And I'll through my Sut-Bag in the Face of 'em who is free from the Dirt of my Ink! Which is Terrible to Governments, and they cannot Quell it. We'll have no Neuters, nor Half-way-Men. A Semi-Whigg is worse that a High-flyer. And there is no Parrying against my Toledo. For

I to Whiggish Braves a T— am still,
To Rub on any Honest Face they will.